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ROYAL ROBES.

The queen of Portugal scents her hair, and her beauty is greatly set off by this act. She uses carnation pink, and her hair is brilliantly lovely with gloss and attractive with scent.

The king of Siam apparently possesses a sense of diplomatic humor. "I know," he said, "that I shall be one day eaten with English or French sauce. The latter is too tasteless. I prefer the English sauce, mixed with the famous Japanese sauce."

A few days ago King Otto of Bavaria completed his fifty-fifth year. As a young man he served in the wars of 1860 and 1870, and it was very soon after the latter that his mind gave way. His elder brother, King Ludwig II, had to be put under restraint, and the present regent was appointed on June 10, 1886. Three days later King Ludwig managed to drown himself and his medical attendant and the empty reign of Otto began.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

IN FIFTEEN FATHOMS

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

We had gone to Bird Island, in the Arabian sea, in the trading brig Hope to fish for pearl oysters. One day as we were dragging the bottom in fifteen fathoms we came across what we believed to be a sunken hulk. The spot was about three miles off the island. Our divers could not descend to such a depth to make an inspection, and after two days spent in preparing tackle we sailed the brig out and anchored her near the spot.

It was three days before we got the breeze from the right quarter, but when it came we threw over our drag and sailed over the wreck. The grapnels caught her, and the ropes and chains stood the strain. We piled sail on the brig, but for ten minutes she heaved and tugged and was held fast.

Something had to give as the breeze freshened, and, to our great joy, the hulk was pulled out of her sandy bed and towed along the bottom behind us. We got her into thirty feet of water and within two cable's length of the beach and anchored her. The pearl divers then went down to make an examination. They reported her to be the hulk of an Arabian dhow which must have been in collision with another craft, as she was staved in on the port quarter.

What we wanted to get our find on the beach was a breeze from the northwest. It came after nearly a week of waiting, and the combined efforts of wind, current and tide brought the old hulk in at high water. She was one of the most curious sights a sailor ever clapped eyes on. From stem to stern she was a solid mass of shells. She was about ninety feet long, and when we came to dig down to the wood we found it almost as hard as iron. She had been rigged with two masts, the stumps of which stood up eight feet high. A few feet of bulwarks remained on either bow, but the rest of the deck had been swept clean. Our grapnels had caught in the hole which sunk her, else they would not have caught at all owing to the solid layer of shells.

If we had been supplied with powder we should have blown her up, but as we had none we had to do some hard work with pick and shovel. The interior seemed to be a solid cake of mud and sand, but we did not remove much of it until we had cleared the outside. After she had lain in the hot sun for three or four days she began to dry out, and the work of digging off the shells was much easier. There

GREAT CALL FOR BIBLES.

All Over the World the Demand for the Scriptures Increases.

The American Bible society, according to the eighty-seventh annual report of the managers, issued more Bibles, Testaments and parts of the Bible last year than in any previous one in its history, says the New York Tribune. The total reached nearly 2,000,000. There has never been a time, the managers say, when the Bible was in such large demand all over the world.

The receipts of the society were \$412,408 and the income from permanent funds \$18,489. The total issues at home and abroad were 1,993,558, an increase of 200,767 over last year. The distribution in the United States, excepting the Philippines, was 734,649 copies, and the issues in foreign lands amounted to 1,258,909. Of these issues 960,454 were from the Bible House in New York.

There has been a large distribution of President Roosevelt's address on the Bible, printed in English, Spanish, Arabic, Japanese and Philippine dialects. Steps have been taken for the unification of the work in Korea and an enlargement in Japan. A large increase is reported in the demand for Bibles in China and Siam. In Porto Rico the circulation has increased to 10,000 copies. Last year the circulation in the Philippines was 91,260 against 52,703 in 1902. Workers in Mexico have been opposed by the friars.

The receipts from auxiliaries and individuals, and especially from legacies, have fallen off. The gifts from churches show some gains. The diminished activity of the auxiliary societies, as a whole, is attributed to a larger supply of Bibles and the greater demand on churches to support Christian activities in different directions.

To Test a Diamond.

Here is an easy means of determining whether a supposed diamond is genuine or not: Pierce a hole in a card with a needle and then look at the hole through the stone. If false you will see two holes, but if you have a real diamond only a single hole will appear.

CARNEGIE STIRS UP OLD LONDON

Steel King Tells Britons Why Americans Outstrip Them.

BEATEN BY US IN INDUSTRY.

"You Cannot Compete With Us," He Says, "and You Will Be Happier if You Acknowledge It"—Decline of a Caste Governed Country Related in an Interview—Our Smart Set Riddled.

There was cabled to the American papers the other day a brief extract of an interview with Andrew Carnegie wherein he paid a few compliments to the smart set, says the London correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. The article appeared in the London Daily News. It is the talk of the city, and men are asking who the "H. S." who wrote it is.

As has been said, the smart set and the problem of riches were among the most interesting subjects upon which the interviewer touched. He records the process thus:

"What of your gospel of wealth?" I asked of Mr. Carnegie, who, vibrating to a sympathetic note, replied:

"I hold to my 'gospel of wealth' as I stated it and not as others state it. It is that when a man is thus rich he should spend what he has to spare after first providing for those nearest to him and leaving enough to maintain the business which enriched him without hurt or detriment."

"In Britain," I said modestly, "we love to found families. Even our Shakespeare had that weakness, and our Scott?"

"Yes, here it is in the air. It is the outcome of your primogeniture and your entail. It is also the cause of your weakness. Here a man's place is fixed by what his father or his grandfather was; in America a man stands for himself."

Mr. Carnegie warmed to the subject of his life.

"Think of it!" he cried. "On the one side a country whose president sends his children to the public schools, whose president has never been chosen for wealth or birth; on the other, a country governed from top to bottom by caste!"

And then Mr. Carnegie, with one of his swift changes of action—his conversation is a perpetual drama—placed his right hand flat above the left.

"Your society here is like that, and by that the upper class learns brutality and the lower snobbishness. Every class has one above to crawl to and one below to kick." And he shifted the left above the right.

"In America," he went on, and his eyes fixed me with the intensity of a preacher preaching from his own text, "if the plumber's son is better than the millionaire's son he goes up top. He rules—he is the real king—he is the man the girls run after—and no one cares a fig for his birth."

"Here," he flashed, fixing the humble, caste ridden Saxon with his eagle eye, "you have a duke at the head of your board. He goes to sleep and no one—except another duke—dares to wake him up or to tell him the truth! And then you wonder when your governments and your companies go to smash!"

"But what about your smart set—your prank playing New Yorkers—your Europeanized rich?"

"They do not count. We laugh at them. You would imitate them. We give them nothing to do. You would place them at the head of your government departments and your railways."

"But won't you do that with your millionaire sons?"

"No; there can't be a hereditary governing class in America. Great fortunes are made, but in a few generations they get split up again. The incompetents sink to the bottom, where they ought to be. Treat your idle rich as we treat our 'smart set' and your competent young men will not have to emigrate to America to find a career."

And as to the criticisms of England.

Taking a pencil he drew for me a little map by which he essayed to prove that Washington was the proper capital for the English speaking world.

"See!" he cried, penciling the number of days' journey to the common center. "It is nearer to Canada and Australia. It is quicker now in a German liner to go to Washington from London than from San Francisco—it is the real center of the English speaking race—not London."

And then, rapidly—for now he was quite wide awake and alert—he began to pencil the comparative figures of population in America and the British empire.

"Look!" he cried. "How can you compete with it? The American Union has now 78,000,000; emigrants are pouring in—there are 4,000 new little faces to greet every morning sun in the United States. Between 1890-1900 the increase was 15,000,000; between 1900-10 it will be 17,000,000. What was and what will be your increase?"

Without waiting for a reply he went ruthlessly on:

"You are now 41,000,000. Between 1890-1900 you increased 3,500,000. You may increase the same amount between 1900-10, but your rate of increase must soon begin to diminish, for you are 'full up,' and you are exhausting your coal and iron very rapidly. Besides, you lost 580,000 in the last decade by emigration, and we gained 684,000 last year alone."

This terrible arithmetical damnation was more than my English blood could stand.

"Our colonies," I stammered; "you forget our empire." And snatches of

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patriotic songs, and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches rushed, like motor cars, along the highways of my brain.

"Your colonies?" said Mr. Carnegie.

"Let us see"—and the pencil worked ruthlessly forward—"Australia, 5,000,000; Canada, 5,500,000; South Africa (whites), 1,500,000; a total of 12,000,000; add to your home population, and you have only 53,000,000 whites against our 78,000,000."

"But we are only beginning."

"No, it is we who are beginning. We have plenty of territory entirely unexplored where there will some day be a great population. Your colonies are not increasing. Australia seems full; it is a mere rim round an empty interior. South Africa is not a white man's country, and your government's policy of encouraging emigration there, especially of women, is almost a crime. As for Canada, compare her growth in the nineteenth century with that of the United States. Her only chance of a future is to throw in her lot with the Americans."

I felt crushed by this tyranny of numbers.

"But you are only dealing with numbers. Numbers are not everything. Think of Florence and Athens!"

Mr. Carnegie's face changed. The aloof, striving glance vanished, and there crept over him a softer, sadder look, with a distant suggestion of Thomas Carlyle, the sort of man that Carlyle might have become if he had been one of his own captains of industry.

"Ah, yes," he said more softly. "As the land of the spirit, the land of Shakespeare and Milton; we all do homage to you. There your supremacy will always remain. When we come here we feel in this gentle, quiet atmosphere," and he waved his hand to the window through which came the muffled drone of the London omnibus, "we feel that it is this, and not America, that has produced our Shakespeare, our common king."

"Yes," he went on, and the furnace of the great ironmaster's eye seemed to burn more softly as he brooded over his great passion; "our Shakespeare, who has been more to me than my Bible."

"But"—and then the fierce glow came back—"you cannot compete with us in industry and you will be happier if you acknowledge it. Look at our home market—a market of a continent! Your colonies put on tariffs against you and have virtually no manufactures themselves. You led the world once, but now we have taken your place."

I gasped, but by humming "Rule, Britannia" softly to myself was able to endure.

"Look at the facts. We produce already more steel than the whole world put together. We produce more cotton goods than you—once the greatest cotton producers of the world. Our manufactures are already three times as valuable as yours and our exports are greater."

"But we are waking up," I murmured and thought of Mr. Chamberlain.

"But how can you compete with us? The very size of our great industries gives us an immense advantage. By standardization we can supply the demands of the world at a price you cannot think of. We produce 600 locomotives a week—more than you in 1864, the highest point of that industry in England. Yet we want more—even for our own country. By producing so many we can reduce the price and supply the world with our overflow."

There was a pause in the storm of words. Mr. Carnegie was called away by one of his numerous visitors—for the anterooms of this millionaire statesman are thronged as the anterooms of a Napoleon—and I was able to rise to the surface for air.

When he returned he introduced me to his visitor.

"This is the man," he said, "who, when Russia wanted steel plates, went to Russia for me and secured from under the eyes of your manufacturers more orders than I could execute. When I send a dog for a bone I like

him to fetch it—and he fetches it all."

He is prouder of his men than of himself, and they are prouder of him than he is of them.

That is even yet not every word of the interview, but it is pretty nearly all of it and it is enough to show why the article has set all London talking.

PIANO PLAYING MATCH.

St. Louis and Milwaukee Musicians to Thump the Keys on \$500 Bet.

A contest in sharps and flats, ragtime and waltz, popular and classical music, is to be held in St. Louis this summer to decide the long endurance piano playing championship of the world, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Professor M. Waterbury of St. Louis and Paul Schelderer of Milwaukee, who recently claimed he had played twenty-eight hours without a break, will be the competitors.

The match is to be for \$300 a side. Waterbury made his first record in 1895 at the Lambs' club, New York, playing eighteen hours. He soon after made a record of twenty-five hours. Waterbury then met all comers when the forfeit money was deposited. Only once has he stopped to hear his opponent play.

A St. Louis Fair Feature.

The Louisiana Purchase exposition will have a representative refrigerating exhibit. The various uses to which mercantile refrigerators are applied will be exhibited. There will be a skating rink, and at certain fixed hours during the day there will be a snowstorm.

Largest Submarine Boat.

The French admiralty will build a submarine boat larger than any hitherto attempted. It will be 300 feet long, 300 tons burden and will cost \$250,000.

A German Shoemakers' Exposition.

During the month of June a German shoemakers' exhibition will be held at Hamburg, says an exchange. It is stated that the prime object of this exposition is the promotion of technical education in the shoemaking industry. There will be exhibits of the work of apprentices and masters of the German school for shoemakers, of leather and tanning materials, of shoemakers' lasts, tools and instruments of various kinds, of machinery employed in the manufacture of shoes and of other articles used or consumed in the shoe-making trade. Foreigners are invited to exhibit machinery for the manufacture of shoes, but all shoes manufactured in foreign countries in bulk for the general trade and placed upon the market in large quantities are excluded.

NEW USE FOR OIL.

Hogs to Be Fattened on the Crude Article.

Several well-to-do farmers of Cass county, Ind., have formed a company to drill for oil, and County Auditor Gard, who is president of the company, announces that crude oil will not be placed on the market, but will be fed to hogs, according to the Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Gard says that experiments made by him and others have shown that hogs thrive better when a liberal supply of oil is given them when being fattened for market and that while it conduces to health the oil is much cheaper as food than corn at prices which have obtained for the past two years.

The discovery of the beneficial effects of eating the crude oil was made accidentally when hogs were running in the fields where oil was produced. Tests were then made, with the result that the company was formed to produce oil for the special purpose of feeding it to hogs.

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